

ORDER MONDAY'S GRAND DRESS NUMBER OF THE DAILY MIRROR TO-DAY

The Daily Mirror

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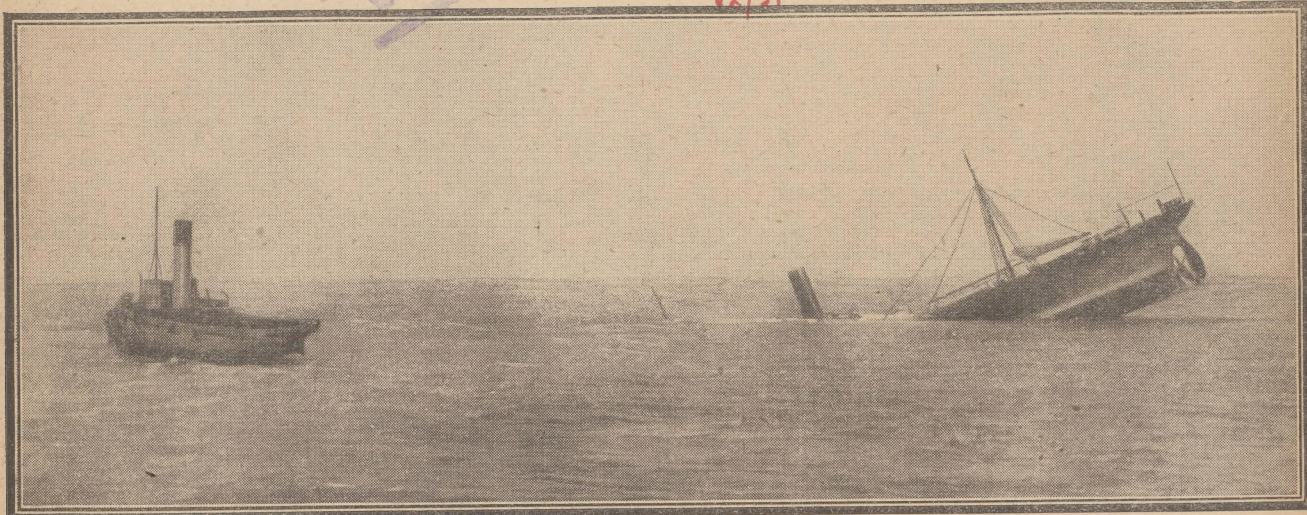
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1915

One Halfpenny.

THE SINKING OF THE BRITISH SHIP OAKBY OFF FOLKESTONE AFTER BEING TORPEDOED BY A SUBMARINE PIRATE.



This remarkable photograph shows the last of the Oakby, a 1,976-ton British steamer, which sank off Folkestone after being in tow for over thirteen hours. The vessel was torpedoed by one of Germany's submarine pirates on Tuesday off the Royal

Sovereign Lightship in the afternoon. The torpedo was seen only just before it struck the steamer, and the captain of the Oakby had no time to change his course. The lookout also caught a fleeting glimpse of the submarine.

BEATING UP THE COUNTRYSIDE TO THE COLOURS BY THE CALL OF THE DRUM.



The band of the 7th Battalion Wiltshire Regiment is marching through the villages of North Wiltshire, bringing in many recruits. The first photograph shows their arrival at the village of Sherston. Many of the boys, who love to follow the band, would delight in



joining the ranks if they were a little older. The other photograph shows a recruiting officer talking to a hedge worker near Corston, and explaining why he is wanted by his King and country.

DRAMATIC OUTBURST AGAINST WIDOW.

Defendant in Bank-note Suit Calls Her a "Monster."

"LOST MENTAL BALANCE."

Dramatic outbursts in the witness-box by Mr. T. B. Benton, the defendant, were the feature of yesterday's hearing of the suit brought in Mr. Justice Darling's court by Mrs. Emily Hague, a doctor's widow, who says she kept £1,200 in bank notes concealed in her mother's grave.

Mrs. Hague claims return of various sums of money which she says she advanced to Mr. Benton. He denies that any money was lent him and declares that Mrs. Hague obtained money from him by threats, falsely suggesting that there had been improper relations between them.

Mrs. Hague denies that she made any threats or accusations. Strong words, such as "diabolical ingenuity" and "my hellish position" were used by Mr. Benton in his evidence. At one point, indicating Mrs. Hague, he declared, "I should not have fought this case if it were not to run this miserable monster to earth."

The hearing was adjourned.

"SHE WAS VERY COQUETTISH."

Mr. Benton, the defendant, giving evidence, said he lived at Granville Lodge, Streatham, and was now fifty-seven years of age.

Mrs. Hague was his wife's greatest friend. Counsel asked if Mrs. Hague had ever lent him the witness any money. He replied emphatically, "Not one shilling."

Speaking of his home life, he said that there was sometimes trouble, but he did not blame his wife, as it was due to the state of her health. Mr. Benton then described an interview which he had with Mrs. Hague at her flat in February, 1911. She was dressed in a very nice tea gown, he said. She sat beside him on a sofa and was very comfortable.

Mr. Vachell: "Was there any dalliance on your part?" "Nothing serious at all," replied Mr. Benton. "I put my arm round her waist and I squeezed her. That was about all that was done."

The next time he saw Mrs. Hague, went on the witness, she told him that all her friends were saying how ill she looked.

She then made an accusation of impropriety.

ABSOLUTELY STUNNED.

Fervidly addressing the jury, Mr. Benton continued:

"Good heavens, gentlemen, I shall never forget that experience as long as I live. I thought I should have died. I was absolutely stunned. Here was a woman—that woman sitting there—who had come to my house and made friends with my wife and found out all about my business, making this charge."

Mrs. Hague, said Mr. Benton, went on to threaten to tell his wife, his partner, and his children, unless he gave her money for a Continental holiday.

He asked her how much she wanted, and she asked £250. He was worth several thousand pounds then, as he was now, and this was intolerable to him, so he promised to let her have it.

The witness added, strenuously: "I should not have thought the miserable case if it were not to run that miserable monster to earth."

Mr. Benton indicated Mrs. Hague sitting before him at the solicitors' table.

Mr. Justice Darling (calmly): I don't like that metaphor. It is much better to kill them in the open.

Mr. Benton described how Mrs. Hague threatened to expose him to his friends. One of these was Mr. Lewis Thomas, K.C., of Bristol, of whom she was a great friend, always referring to him as "Arthur."

Mr. Lewis Thomas, K.C., for the plaintiff, cross-examined.

The witness had said that he paid Mrs. Hague £25 in respect of a share transaction.

Counsel: Do you know that that works out at the amount of interest due on what she says she had lent you?

Mr. Benton: It is a marvellous coincidence.

DIABOLICAL INGENUITY.

Speaking of the threats alleged to have been used by the plaintiff, Mr. Benton said she even said something about "forming a committee in the matter."

Counsel: You say you knew it was all a falsehood?—Yes, I knew it was all a falsehood.

Why did you pay her a penny piece?—She threatened me, and I felt that if she had the diabolical ingenuity to conceive such a plot she would stick at nothing. That is my opinion to-day.

You knew you were innocent?—I did.

Then why did not you say so?—People say: "Where there is smoke there is fire."

It upset my mental balance. I would have paid ten times as much to have got rid of the dreadful thing. It was a hellish position for me to be in. Damn her! She would not have stuck at ruining me or anyone else.

Mr. Thomas: You are quite a temperate man in your language as in everything else.

Witness: I was a big fool not to make a stand against her, but I lost my mental balance over this abominable business.

Counsel: You know better now?—I should like another woman to try it on. (Laughter.)

Counsel was asking other questions when defendant remarked: "You wanted to settle this case the other morning."

Mr. Thomas: Now we will have all this out. Do you offer to pay this woman £100 and costs? "To avoid publicity," retorted the defendant.

PIANO OR MILK PAIL?

Dairymaids on Question of Music and Dances and Farm Work.

"HAD SUCH GRAND IDEAS."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-playing, sir," she said.

This is the new version of the old nursery rhyme—according to Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., who, in the agricultural debate in the House of Commons on Thursday last, said that the pretty country maids of to-day "want to play the piano or do something of that kind," instead of attending to milking and the simple duties of the farm.

In a quiet little Kentish village yesterday, where, as in olden days, there are still a few young women who do general farm work, the opinions of Mr. Chaplin aroused considerable interest.

I suppose there are silly girls about who think they are above attending to the milking and to the work for which they were brought up," said one. "They leave the country and go up to London and work in offices and factories, but they are nearly always sorry and wish they were back at the farm again."

"There was one girl who had such grand ideas about things. She was always trying to 'be the lady,' playing the piano and going to dances and parties. She soon found out her mistake."

"I don't see why a girl who works on a farm shouldn't play the piano," said another young woman indignantly. "We live in a different time from the old people. I only wish I had a piano to play on—I should be strumming on it every evening!"

So the talk went on. All were firmly agreed in the end that a girl could be a first-class dairymaid even if she did play the piano.

£250,000,000 WAR VOTE.

Provision for Carrying on the War for the Next Twelve Months.

Provision for the fighting forces up to March, 1916—£250,000,000.

An estimate of £250,000,000 was issued yesterday for the amount required towards defraying the expenses which may be incurred during the year ending March 31, 1916, for "general Navy and Army services, where provision is not made by Parliament; for the conduct of naval and military operations."

It is pointed out that the vote of credit is intended to cover not only the cost of Navy and Army services and warlike operations, but also all expenditure which may be necessary or desirable in view of the conditions created by the war. This includes:

Restoration of credit.
Encouragement of trade and industry.
Facilitating the raising of funds by our Dominion and by Allied Powers.
Loans or grants to Dominions or Protectorates or Allied Powers.

Local government authorities and other bodies for undertaking public works for relief of distress.
Temporary loans to provide funds which would otherwise be raised out of the issue of securities guaranteed by Parliament.

When the vote of credit is used to finance the purchase and resale of foodstuffs or materials or for other operations undertaken in the public interest, which involve an immediate outlay recoverable in whole or in part by sales to the public, receipt of insurance premiums, or otherwise, advances for these purposes will be made from the vote of credit, and the receipts will be credited to those accounts, and net expenditure only being charged to the vote of credit.

Any balances standing to the credit of these accounts when they are finally closed will be paid to the exchequer.

A Supplementary Estimate of £37,000,000 to meet war expenditure, incurred during the year ending March 31, 1915, was also published, the figures for the whole year being £362,000,000.

FASHION'S PENDULUM SWINGS BACKWARD.

Revival of Modes Worn Forty Years Ago.

GRANDMOTHER STYLES.

When a comedian dresses as a woman and wants to be funny he usually wears a tiny little hat perched on the back of his head.

He wears the hat of forty years ago; but he will have to change this style, as it is coming in as the latest idea in hats.

The gowns, hats and little toilette accessories which are to be the fashion this year were worn by the present-day grandmothers forty years ago.

The skirts are wide and of the true "Arriet of Hampstead Heath cut, for 'Arriet never really adopted the tight skirt."

BUTTONS DOWN THE SKIRT.

Buttons are a strong feature of the new costumes. They are arranged on the quaint little tight bodice, fanning from neck to waist and all down the wide skirt.

"I wore a dress like that when I was married," said a sixty-years-old grandmother on seeing designs of the season's dresses. "I had twelve dozen buttons on it," she went on. "Three frouces were worn when I was a young woman, and the front was like a baby's robe—these are now coming in again—and just the same tight bodice and the same tight, plain sleeves."

The little velvet "sleeveless" jacket is now being worn again under the new name of a waistcoat. It is a prominent feature of the new styles.

THE SECRET POCKET.

Pockets can be made in the more voluminous skirts. Even though a woman is not supposed to use pockets, because they interfere with the hang of the gown, she likes to think she has a little secret pocket in which, if she wishes, she can hide her money, her powder-puff or her last love-letter.

In view of the revival of the fashions of 1875 the following description of them, written forty years ago, is very interesting:—

"Worth (the noted dressmaker) has a delightful caprice for making three skirts in one. The lower skirt of only three breadths clings to the figure, and the others are sewed in form to that. The second skirt, very long and edged with fringe, is draped by gathers down the middle of the front, producing the effect of two loose, languishing puffs; is caught up high on the sides; and descends behind in a sort of jabot, formed by a wide founce of silk arranged in gathered shells, on which an applique lace founce is also laid. The third and upper skirt is merely a very long and much wrinkled apron tied behind."

Another fashion note of the same year records that ruffs are added to the collar, and that the neck will be dressed more elaborately than ever.

PERIL OF CLYDE STRIKE.

The dangers involved in the Clyde engineers' dispute are pointed out in a letter, published yesterday, from Sir George Askwith, Chief Industrial Commissioner, to both the employers and the men's societies and unions. A suggestion is made that the men return to work on March 1, and that the question at issue be referred to a Court of Arbitration, which will meet as soon as the men have recommenced work.

In the course of his letter Sir George points out that in consequence of the strike the requirements of the nation are being seriously endangered. Important munitions of war urgently required by the Navy and the Army are being held up by the present cessation of work.

Fire yesterday destroyed a large warehouse in Queen-street, Scarborough, and the Wesleyan chapel adjoining.



The band plays selections on board H.M.S. —. It consists of a plecter and a marine sergeant-major, who smites the brass cylinder of a 12-pounder cartridge.

As there is a great popular demand for "The Daily Mirror's" 24-page Fashion Number, published on Monday next, readers are advised to order it from their newsagent to-day to avoid disappointment.

WALES AND ITS EMBLEM.

Has Leek Usurped Daffodil's Rights Through Early Translator's Error?

"RED DRAGON FOR MILITARY."

Which should Welshmen wear as their national emblem on St. David's Day—the leek or the daffodil?

Such is the problem which is engrossing the minds of famous scholars as St. David's Day (March 1) draws near again. To-day there is a profound and growing belief among the Welsh people that the leek has usurped the right of the daffodil as the national emblem.

Such distinguished sons of the Principality as Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Llewellyn Williams, K.C., M.P., and Sir Vincent Evans all favour the claims of the golden bloom beloved of the poets.

The advocates of the daffodil base their claim on its behalf on the fact that it is known in Welsh as Cenhinen Mawrth, or Cenhinen Dewi, meaning the March Leek or St. David's Leek. Sir Vincent Evans told The Daily Mirror yesterday:

"Even to this day the daffodil in many parts of Wales is known under these names."

"There is no doubt that proofs can be adduced of a widespread custom in this land connecting the daffodil with the festival in March, and its becoming aptly timed for St. David's Day."

The probability seems to be that a mistake was made by an early translator, the word Cenhinen being the generic term for leek.

"As a military badge I prefer the red dragon, which has been historically associated with Wales for many centuries."

This year London Welshmen will celebrate St. David's Day by a great patriotic meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster.

The proceeds of the meeting will go to the National Fund in connection with the Welsh Flag Day for the comforts of Welsh troops.

"MOCKED HER RELIGION."

Wife's Plea in Divorce Court That Husband Disliked Her Going to Church.

That her husband did not like her to go to church, jeered at her religion and destroyed religious books, crucifixes and thus affecting her health, was the statement made in the Divorce hearing, was the statement made in the Divorce hearing.



MR. DOWDALL.

Court yesterday by a wife who petitioned for a judicial separation. The petition was dismissed.

The petitioner was Mrs. Mary Helen Dowdall, of Notting Hill, who based her petition on the alleged cruelty of her husband, Francis Walter Dowdall, coach painter.

The petitioner, giving evidence, said her husband had never actually struck her. He had a very passionate temper.

One evening respondent wanted to read something to his daughter Kathleen. She was going to say quite amiably, "Not to-night," when her father flew into a passion and told her she could not go to church the next morning.

She went, and because she disobeyed him respondent went to the daughter's room and broke two crucifixes and a figure of the Blessed Virgin and tore up all the Bibles she could find and religious books and private letters.

Then he went to the witness's room and tore religious pictures out of their frames and burnt them. Witness said her husband repeatedly called her a saint, and said he would give her a chance of being a martyr, of suffering for righteousness' sake, and make her the subject of prayer and see what the answer would be.

Cross-examined, witness admitted her husband was sober and industrious. He had never prevented her from going to any religious ceremony.

FIVE VICTIMS OF MINE FIRE.

Five lives are known to have been lost in the pit accident at the New Harn Heath Colliery, Chesterton, North Staffs., on Thursday, and it is feared that there are seven other victims.

When about twenty-two men were underground, a fire broke out, it is stated, in the engine-house, which is situated at the pit bottom. Ten of the twenty-two men have been brought up, including a man named Pickerton, who went to the aid of his comrades,

SERGEANT AND PRIVATE HOLD A TRENCH AGAINST ALL ATTACK

**Two Unnamed "Tommies"
Who Shot Down All
Advancing Germans.**

**SIR J. FRENCH ON "MANY
GALLANT ACTS."**

**Allies Make Further Progress
After Hot Fighting in
Two Woods.**

**FOE ABANDONS SHIELDS IN A
TRENCH ONSLAUGHT.**

Mr. Atkins, once again, has shown that the Germans have something more to beat than our big guns. If they want to win they will have to conquer Mr. Atkins, for Tommy has a knack of holding his own in the tightest corner.

It is the indomitable spirit of the man in khaki that has triumphed in so many fierce fights in this war, and it is that spirit which receives special mention in yesterday's dispatch by Sir John French.

Many gallant acts have been performed, he says, during recent fighting near Ypres, and he singles out for mention the heroic stand made by a sergeant and a private.

These two men, unaided, held a communication trench for a considerable period, and they shot down all the Germans who attempted to advance.

The British repulsed in Belgium a German attack, says yesterday's Paris report, and also gained about 100 yards on La Bassée road.

**GALLANT BRITISH TROOPS
IN YPRES FIGHT.**

**Machine Guns in Action in the Open Inflict
Heavy Loss on Germans.**

The Field Marshal commanding the British Forces in France reports:—

(1) The period since the last communiqué was issued has been marked by thick mist and rain, which culminated on the 24th in a heavy snowstorm. Operations have consequently been hindered.

(2) In spite of the bad weather, however, aircraft have carried out their duties, and co-operation between the aviators and artillery has been particularly close.

(3) Near Ypres intermittent fighting has continued among the canals, but without any change in the relative position of the opposing forces.

Many gallant acts have been performed during the recent fighting in this neighbourhood.

A sergeant and a man held a communication trench for a considerable period unaided, shooting down all the Germans who attempted to advance.

Our machine guns were handled particularly well; on one occasion they came into action in the open and inflicted considerable loss on the enemy.

(4) On the remainder of our front the enemy's artillery fire has at times been somewhat heavy, but no infantry attacks by either side have taken place.

SUCCESS AT LA BASSEE.

PARIS, Feb. 26.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

The Belgian Army retook a small portion of trenches which it had lost for a moment.

The British Army repulsed in Belgium a German attack, and in addition gained about 100 yards on La Bassée road.

German artillery displayed considerable activity in the valley of the Aisne. Our batteries reduced it to silence in the afternoon.

In Ghampagne our progress was continued. We won some ground in the woods north-west of Pertles and north of Mesnil-le-Hurles.

GERMAN TRENCHES WRECKED.

The engagement continues in the valley of the Meuse. At the Jumelles d'Ornes we destroyed some machine-gun shelters and wrecked the enemy's trenches.

We made fresh progress in the Bois Brule—in the Forest of Apremont. The Germans were driven out of several communication trenches.

Between the trenches they sustained serious losses and abandoned many shields and tools on the ground.—Reuter.

AEROPLANE HIT BY SHELL.

PARIS, Feb. 26.—A St. Pol message says a German aeroplane, flying over our lines was brought down by one of our shells at Noeux. The pilot was captured.—Reuter.



Mr. Rutland Barrington, the famous ex-Savoyard, who sang the policeman's song from "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Palladium matinee, and the chorus of special constables. The performance was in aid of the police orphanage.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF NOBLE FORTY.

**Three Wounded Heroes Who Went On Firing Steadily Amid
Dead and Disabled Comrades.**

Two heart-stirring incidents illustrating the tenacity and dash of British soldiers are recounted by "Eye-Witness" in his latest narrative from the front.

Describing a counter-attack on February 17, in which forty men fought on and on till only three were left, "Eye-Witness" says:—

The trenches occupied by the enemy had been subjected to so heavy a fire that they would not await our onset. As our men charged forward cheering the Germans were observed leaving the trenches and hurrying to the rear.

In one trench which had become in the course of the fighting more or less isolated forty of our men continued to hold firm until every one of them was either killed or wounded.

Eventually there were only three left who were capable of firing, and these three continued to hold the enemy at bay.

AMMUNITION NEARLY SPENT.

In the meantime word had been brought to those in rear that their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and seven men, the strongest available, were selected to bring up as much ammunition as they could carry.

These latter found the three wounded survivors still standing amid the bodies of their dead and disabled comrades and still firing steadily.

The support, slender as it was, came in the nick of time, for at that moment the Germans launched another assault, which, like the previous ones, was beaten off and the position was saved.

An attack during recent fighting south-east of Ypres is described as follows by Eye-Witness:—As our troops were advancing to drive the enemy out of a trench his guns suddenly opened a tremendous fire.

Our men were in the open at some distance from the Germans at the time, and being thus taken at a disadvantage their chance of success looked small.

Without a moment's hesitation, however, the attacking line broke into the double and, pounding through the mud, burst into the German trench.

HIS THIRTY DEAD AROUND HIM.

After describing the ruin and devastation of the country round the brickfields, the scene of a recent success, "Eye-Witness" mentions the following incident:—

In front of the trenches the German corpses still lie thick. At one part of the brickfields recently some thirty men tried to rush our line. At their head was a young German officer, who came on gallantly, waving his sword.

He almost reached the barbed wire, and then fell dead, and he lies there still, with his sword in his hand and all his thirty men round him.

There can be no doubt, observes "Eye-Witness," that, judging from private correspondence, the feeling in Germany towards the war is changing.

They are probably as determined as ever to fight to the last, but the early optimism and confidence are vanishing.

GEN. BOTHA LEADS ARMY.

SWAKENPOOND (German South-West Africa), Feb. 26.—General Botha personally led the northern Union Force, which occupied Nondias and Goanikontes on the morning of the 23rd inst.

LUEDERTZ BUCHT, Feb. 8 (delayed in transmission).—General Botha to-day travelled by train from Tschaukaib to Luedertz Bucht and reviewed the troops at all the camps along the line.

Addressing the officers at Tschaukaib, he regretted that the rebellion in his own country had occupied his attention and prevented a more energetic advance against the Germans, but the rebellion was now over, and they could now go forward.—Reuter.

Many prisoners' letters are eloquent of depression, witness the tone of the following extract:—

Bieber, Jan. 15, 1915.—We are glad the holidays are over. As was expected, they were dull and sad. In our everyday work we can forget the troubles which the war has brought and will still bring us.

It is time to think of the end. Enough sacrifices have already been made, but there seems no prospect of peace. We also feel the war at home. Foodstuffs have disappeared.

Flour is rare, and one may not bake at night. Cakes, my own delight, may not be made.

WHEN WAR WILL END.

The following communication is from a British officer whose work throws him much into contact with the French troops:—

In a letter I sent last week I tried to give a rough idea of what is going on in the French Army. This week I propose to say something of the war, as it appears to the French nation.

The French nation is wondering how much of the trade lost during the war it will be possible to regain afterwards; they know that the longer this semi-paralysis continues the more difficult will the recovery be, and the thought, "How long?" is ever present, although unexpressed.

How long? The answer is simple. The war with Germany will last until either her armies are beaten or her nation starved.

Germany is short of wheat now, and has taken drastic measures to prevent the supply entirely falling before the next harvest comes in.

If these measures have been taken in good time Germany can reckon on being able to continue the war until the middle of 1916.

Can we then defeat her army before the next harvest is gathered? To this question there can be but one reply, that we can do it if we have enough men and enough explosives.

NOT IMPREGNABLE.

No line of defence is impregnable; if it can be sufficiently battered first, its capture is a simple matter; then comes the task of the men, to hold it against counter-attacks and to broaden out the amount of front won.

A general may say: "I have enough men to attack on a front of five miles for ten days; I have enough explosives to keep these attacks going for six days."

It is these reserves of men and explosives that France requires from us; it is for us to ensure, by a timely supply of these reserves, that the enemy is defeated and driven back, while the German nation is still hungry.

A Frenchman's belief in the manufacturing power of Great Britain is unbounded. If a million men are ready to give their lives are not the remaining millions of reservists, that the enemy for a distance it need be—to attain the end desired?

The requirements of the Allied Armies are enormous, and Britain must be, to a large extent, the manufactory, the general store, for the whole. If we are to attempt to keep pace with the requirements our powers of production must be organised.

BRITAIN'S NEW BLOCKADE

Britain has declared a blockade of the German East African coast.

In last night's *Gazette* the following notice was published:—

His Majesty's Government have decided to declare a blockade of the coast of German East Africa as from midnight February 23-March 1.

The blockade will extend along the whole coast, embracing the islands—i.e., from lat. 44deg. 41min. south to lat. 10deg. 40min. south.

Four days' grace from the time of the commencement of the blockade will be given for the departure of neutral vessels from the blockaded area.

HEROIC ONSLAUGHT IN GREAT BATTLE.

**Russians' Reckless Valour
Fierce Counter-Attacks on
Reinforced Enemy.**

HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING

Another terrific battle, described as one of the greatest of the war, is raging in Poland.

Though the news of the Battle of the Riga is scanty, it is clear that the Russians are repulsing German attacks with fierce counter-attacks. In Poland, in the Carpathians, in the Bukovina, the Russians are hurling themselves against the foe with the greatest heroism.

Hand-to-hand fighting is proceeding in Carpathians, where the Austrians are suffering heavy losses. After one encounter 3,000 of the Austrians and 8,600 wounded were collected in the field of battle.

Several trains full of German prisoners have arrived in Petrograd, says Reuter.

HEROIC SURVIVORS.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 26.—The combined action near the river front of the Niemen-Bohr-Na-Vistula is fast developing into one of the greatest battles of the war.

Russian armies record that the Germans are pouring reinforcements into all sectors. Near Praznysk the Russian motor-cars have done splendid service both in defence and attack.

"PANIC" IN WHEAT PRICES.

CHICAGO, Feb. 26.—News of the fall of the outer Dardanelles forts has caused something of a panic in the wheat market, and May wheat has dropped to 14½, which constitutes a new low record for February.—Exchange.

and in several cases they have foiled the flying movements of the enemy.

Heroic fighting is proceeding in the Mlava district between the railway and the river Orizita. A large German force attacked again and a village of great strategic importance, repeated reaching the entanglements, only to be slain.

The Russians retained the village with six unaided survivors as defended by Reuter's Special.

HAUL OF GENERALS.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 26.—According to a telegram from Berlin the German Main General Headquarters state that the following Russian generals were captured in the battle of the Mazu Lakes:—

From the 20th Army Corps, the General commanding the corps, the Commander of the 2nd Army, and the Commanders of the 28th and Divisions of Infantry and of the 1st Brigade of Infantry.

The Commander of the 29th Division is shortly after capture.

From the 3rd Army Corps, the Commander of the 27th Division of Infantry, and from this division the Commanders of the Artillery and 2nd Brigade of Infantry.

From the 53rd Division of the Reserve, the Commander of the Division and the Commander of the 1st Brigade of Infantry. From the Siberian Division of Cossacks, one Brigade Commander.—Reuter.

FOUR DARDANELLES FORTS SMASHED BY ALLIES.

**Brilliant Success of Renewed Bombardment
by British and French Warships.**

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Feb. 26.—The Minister of Marine issued a communiqué stating the bombardment of the forts at the entrance to the Dardanelles was recommenced at long range yesterday morning and continued later at closer range.

The bombardment has resulted in the complete destruction of the four forts at the entrance of the straits.

One of these forts was occupied completely by Germans.

Minesweeping has begun in the straits under the protection of warships of the combined fleets.

TORPEDO-BOAT SUNK.

PARIS, Feb. 26.—It is officially announced that the French torpedo-boat *Dague*, which was escorting a supply convoy for Montenegro, struck an Austrian mine in the harbour at Montenegro on Wednesday and sank.

Thirty-eight men of the crew are missing. The work of finding supplies was not interrupted and the convoy returned safely.—Reuter.

THE QUEEN VISITS BATTERSEA. P. 9650 E

The Queen signs her name in the visitors' book at one of the women's workrooms at Battersea, where she paid a private visit yesterday. Her Majesty chatted with the women and inspected the garments they were making.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

A LITTLE RECRUITER. P. 945

This little fellow, attired in full regimentals and carrying a smart little cane, is acting as a sort of recruiting sergeant. He seems to think he has a likely recruit in the picture.

EAT MORE CHEESE.

As an article of food cheese has not been sufficiently appreciated, but now that the war is beginning to induce us to consider economy and food values, cheese is coming into its own.

It is not the sole function of cheese to be cut up in little dice and nibbled at the end of a meal. Cheese is a good, wholesome, staple food, which can be made into a meal, just as meat, fish or eggs, and strangely enough, it contains more body-building protein and heat-giving elements than any of these three articles of food—and it is cheaper.

There are many people who find ordinary cheese indigestible. They should eat St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, which is specially made to render it perfectly digestible.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is one of the most delicious and popular cheeses on the market. Apart from containing nourishing properties like other cheese, it also contains enormous quantities of lactic cultures in pure and active form.

The cultures counteract and destroy harmful poisons which other foods deposit in the system.

Consequently St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is not only delicious and nourishing, but a great health food. Make it a part of your daily diet for a short time, and you will satisfy yourself as to its food and health values. Obtainable from leading grocers and dairymen throughout the country, price 6½d. a packet.—(Adv't.)

CAPTAIN WARD, "THE NAVVIES' M.P.," INSPECTS SOLDIER NAVVIES. P. 1566 A

Mr. John Ward, M.P., who has accepted a captaincy in the new Navvies' Battalion, inspecting the men yesterday at Alexandra Park racecourse, where they are in training. Their duty will be to dig trenches at the front, and it would be difficult to find better men for the work. Mr. Ward is known as "the navvies' M.P."

A "TRANSPORT" JAMMED. P. 17049

This transport engine, with a train of loaded trucks, got jammed in the narrow roadway of the old-fashioned town of Southwell. The youngsters liked their prisoner. Three hours' hard work was necessary before it could be released.

GERMAN PRISONERS WED. P. 17049

Wilhelm Willan, a German prisoner in England, and his bride, Margaret Dunnett, of Lambeth. They were married at Southend on Thursday. Four German prisoners were married on that day.



That cough!
That sore throat!
That raw chest!
Toffee de Luxe is the
finest treatment and
a perfect Treat too.
Try it to-day.

Wash-day Worries—Ended!

No more hard work, and the washing done in less than one quarter the usual time. The old 'rub and scrub' method is superseded by—

BRADFORD'S 'VOWEL' WASHER

No internal mechanism. Easy in operation, and will last a lifetime. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL BEFORE PURCHASE.

Washing Machines from 35s. | Carriage Mangling Machines 12s. 6d. Free. | Wringing Machines from 22s. Special Discount.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1915.

WAR READING.

OUR READERS have been arguing about the kind of literature desirable in war-time. Literature is scarcely the word, however. For all but recluses that sweet and powerful form of consolation for the annoyances of life seemed to sail out of sight on a certain date last August. After that date, the average book-lover turned feverishly to the vast array of war-books which now, we suppose, would easily fill a large room, since everybody who had ever printed anything before the war immediately printed something about the war, as soon as the war began, just to show that he or she, too, was not to be left out of it, but was to be consulted in the hour of need. So we had our war-books by the hundred and in all the bookshops you may see them, clothed usually in red, piled up in stacks on the counters. Some people, we hear, are even sufficiently obsessed to have formed a plan of collecting all these books, not letting one escape them. Years hence, when they've grown dusty and obsolete, some executor or legatee, some heir or heartless child, will remark, as he surveys the shelves: "What on earth are we to do with all this stuff about the war of 1914?" And he will present it to some public library.

After having exploded in rage over Treischke and the rest, after having read how they planned it all, these horrid professors, in days when the actual fighters were eager youths drinking the war-incitements, and after having surveyed the condition-of-Europe question from Russia to France and from France back to the Balkans, and added perhaps to these historical and diplomatic "origins," a hurried study of the main military treatises, the book-lover felt a surfeit of it. To him, before the war, many of these would have been Lamb's books that are not books, like "backgammon boards lettered on the backs." Now he can read them, but now that he has read them, he wants other things. Very gradually—a little guiltily—he goes back to literature, properly so-called. He reads Carlyle's dyspeptic adoration of brute-Prussian-Fredericks of the first, second, third and any number of other generations. He turns to Macaulay and enjoys the saner, because infinitely less dyspeptic, view of his Frederick. He reads the ironic choruses of Hardy's "Dynasts." He reads Lives of Napoleon. So, by a transition, he comes back to real books.

And now? Enough of Napoleon! What next? Gradually still, he searches the shelves for some old delights. Shelley? Or Keats and Swinburne—so rich in true love of the joy still lurking in existence? It is nearly the turn of the year. Suppose we revert to "Atalanta"?

But no: a moment later, we found him with his face guiltily buried in a flame-coloured novelette. "I can't fix my mind on anything else just now," he says. His taste has been debased by war. W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 26.—There should always be plenty of primulas in the spring garden. The following are all easy to grow in moist, shady spots. Coloured primroses are now obtainable in beautiful shades of colour, the blue varieties being especially striking. Polyanthus are always popular, while coloured cowslips are delightfully fragrant and most useful for cutting. Then there are the exquisite auriculas and primulas sieboldii (the Japanese primroses), roses, japonica and denticulata.

Primroses, polyanthus and cowslips are easily raised from seed. Sow outside in April in a shady place. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The great guiding marks of a wise life are indeed few and simple: to do our duty, to avoid useless sorrow, and to acquiesce patiently in the inevitable.—W. Lecky.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

COLDS AND DRAUGHTS.

IS NOT this craze for fresh air rather overdone? The moment anyone comes into the railway compartment you are in, down goes the window and one sits in a chilly draught and discomfort all the journey. I saw, with snow on the ground, a nurse do this carrying a baby.

Bedroom windows are kept open till the water freezes in the jugs, men go about without hats till their noses are blue (curiously enough whilst shivering everywhere else they muffle their throats in enormous comforters, the surest way of getting bronchitis).

England is the country where there is a larger amount of consumption and bronchitis than there is in any other country in the world. Is it

as against the Grecian ideal, but surely there must be thousands of women who would like to belong to a sweet simplicity cult? B.

DO YOUR correspondents really flatter themselves that their objection to full skirts will prevent their coming in?

They were probably the first to cry out against the "unsightly," "uncomfortable" and "dangerous" hobble skirt when it made its appearance. Some people always object to anything new, and, after all, if they choose to go on "hobbling" whilst others walk in comfort—who cares? R. T. K.

WHY NOT form an Anti-Full-Skirt League? Members to promise not to exceed a certain

PREPARE FOR A TIME OF FULLNESS!



Our readers—some of them—have been indignant about the "full skirt," now reviving. What will they say when this fullness spreads and fastens on hats, boots and the rest of women's clothes?—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

worth while to live in perpetual discomfort in order, when past middle age, to have one's life a burden to one by chronic bronchitis and catarrh!

Look at all your friends over sixty years of age and find one who does not cough constantly. This is all the result of this craze for draughts and cold rooms. It does not harden, but it kills.

In no other country do you find in every church and public meeting this continuous, universal cough, cough, cough.

A LOVER OF COMFORT.

NO FULL SKIRTS?

IT IS too cruel of the fashioners, just when everyone is so poor, to engineer a radical change in clothes, which will make all one's last season's things unwearable, and causing those who cannot spend any money this year to feel dowdy—a real grief to any woman who loves clothes.

I wish a league of simplicity could be formed to retain such pretty and graceful fashions as the, alas! short-lived ones of 1914. Rational dress leagues failed in the past because the garments specified were so hideous, while our climate demands more or less of a multiplicity

width in skirts and to pay a 3d. or 6d. yearly subscription to cover working expenses.

It is only those women who must attract attention (or cease to live) who create the demand for something "new," just to make people stare at them.

My daughter and I are firmly determined not to give up the present sensible coats and skirts.

What a pity the "man-milliners" who perpetrate these monstrosities for their silly clients can't be shipped off to the war to shed their folly and learn to be men! Not a Dowdy.

AN EARLY LARK.

He seems the very jet of earth
At sight of sun, her music's mirth,
As up he wings the spiral stair,
A song of light, and pierces air
With fountain ardour, fountain play.
To reach the shining tops of day
And drink in everything discerned
An ecstasy to music turned.
Impelled by what his happy bill
Disperses; drinking, showering still,
Unthinking save that he may give
His voice the outlet, there to live
Renewed in endless notes of glee.
So thirsty of his voice is he. . .
—GEORGE MEREDITH.

KHAKI ROMANCE.

Interest in Our New Serial Which Begins on Monday.

"THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE."

IT IS all very well to tell us to "think of something else than the war." I do not see how we can.

I, for one, have made occasional efforts. I like to be above these mere mundane affairs! But it is no use. I find, sorrowfully enough, that I am not in the least above them and that I must, in fact, think of them practically all the time. For this reason, I do not find that I can at present bring myself to read novels about love affairs and the like, as I could in the old days. Freddy, dining with Flossie at the restaurant, bores me. I seem to know these people too well, and yet they seem remote as relics of some past age—bits of fossils found about somewhere by a person who doesn't understand them. I suppose some new sort of writing will arise after this war. But—

Anyhow, all the authors I know— isn't everybody an author nowadays?—tell me that they do not intend ever again to write that sort of novel—meaning, of course, the sort of novel they have written up till now.

Perhaps your new serial will give us the new "blend"—war and peace combined in a psychological unity of romantic flavour. I shall wait and see. M. K.

Whitehall-court, S.W.

ABOUT NOAH.

DON'T you think a good novel about Noah is the thing we all most want? I mean something infinitely remote from the crisis of the moment.

One certainly finds no medium, however, between the remote and the actual. The old "society" type of novel is indeed dead. I for one don't want to see it alive again. And as I gather you do not intend to tell us about Noah, I anticipate the new sort of story you are going to give us with great interest.

S. S. L.
Warrington-crescent,
Maida Hill, W.

"SHORTAGE OF HUSBANDS."

PERMIT me to condole with "A Free Woman" who regrets sacrificing her birthright for the matrimonial yoke!

She has, however, not lost the art of "whining," and possibly it is the possession of this precious prerogative that turns her married life into "domestic drudgery."

Such women are bored to Benedicts, and they are so plentiful, that I am grateful to be able to sign myself,

A BACHELOR.

HER VIEW OF MARRIAGE

Whilst "debauch-hunting" is a deplorable and unwomanly practice on the part of any woman at any time, it is even more so now.

Certainly the bravery and courage of our soldiers, of whom we are justly proud, rouse within us the spirit of admiration, but this is no reason why we should bewail the possible "scarcity of husbands" after the war. This is no time for airing selfish fears and forebodings. The country needs its women, too. Let it be ours to work for the soldiers and the sailors.

I was surprised to read "A Free Woman's" view of marriage as "sacrificing her birthright of independence for a mess of pottage—the matrimonial yoke," with the "loss of individuality."

Surely the true woman regards marriage as the fulfilment of her highest, noblest and dearest hopes, as the crowning of her womanhood and looks upon the home as her kingdom. She thinks not of the monotony of "domestic drudgery," and the duties of home are not humdrum to her because she follows the daily round and performs the common task in a spirit of cheerfulness and devotion which glorifies even the commonplaces of domestic life.

Neither does she lose her individuality; rather, it is being exerted—more or less—upon the lives of her husband and little ones and is helping to mould their characters. L. B.

OUR YEOMANRY AT EYESIGHT PRACTICE.

9.329.9



The landscape picture is marked with a supposed German rifleman or machine-gun, which the men have to locate. Starting at a distance of twelve paces from the picture, they advance one pace at the command until all have found the mark. The men in the photograph are members of the Cheshire Yeomanry, and they are at present training at Chester.

"SWEET NELL."

P. 10



Miss Julia Neilson as Nell Gwynne, which part she is to play again at the Strand Theatre. (Dover-street Studios.)

A NEW REAR-ADMIRAL.

P. 16451



Captain C. F. Dampier, who has been promoted rear-admiral. Until recently he was in command of the battleship Audacious.

TO SELL SHELLS.

9.11917



Aged French couple whose house has been destroyed. They refuse to leave the place, and hope to make money by selling fragments of shells as souvenirs.

THEY DON'T FEAR GERMANS OR COLD WATER.

9.3302



These hardy northerners, who are training for the front at Paisley, wash every morning in the street. The water is cold, of course, but it is a case of "What do we care?"

"TOMMY" GETS A SHAKING-UP.

9.3313



There is no danger of our gunners getting sluggish livers. To travel as they do over rough roads on a carriage without springs would be good for many a city dweller who lives a sedentary life.

MORE THAMES FLOOD.

9.13332



The Thames has been overflowing its banks again, and a portion of this house at Windsor collapsed and fell into the river. It was undermined by the floods.

WAITING FOR THE GERMANS: AFRICAN NATIVES READY FOR ENEMY.



The natives of Uganda are ready to defend their country against the enemy, and the picture, taken on the borders of German East Africa, shows men in a trench awaiting an attack. They are armed with rifles, but some of the warriors carry spears, and are

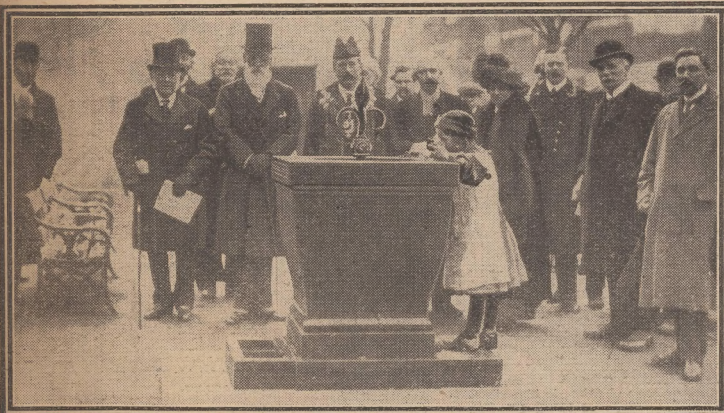
most enthusiastic at the prospect of trying conclusions with the Germans. They are very happy under British rule, and have no desire to live under the weight of the "mailed fist." They prefer, if need be, to die fighting.

WHAT THE VIENNESE WILL SWALLOW.



This is one of Mr. Haselden's old cartoons which an Austrian illustrated newspaper has reproduced. Underneath the reader is solemnly informed that it is Mr. Lloyd George agitating for recruits in Ireland. The editor deserves an Iron Cross for one of the best jokes of the war.

FOUNDER OF EMPIRE DAY AT DEPTFORD.



The Earl of Meath (with white beard) watching a little girl take the first drink from a fountain in St. Paul's Churchyard, Deptford, yesterday. He made the presentation on behalf of an anonymous donor.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

BABY ORPHANED BY HUNS' BOMBS.



Destruction caused by the bombs which the air pirates dropped on Calais. The tenants were asleep in bed at the time. In one case a baby was injured and its father, mother, brothers and sister killed. The orphaned infant has been adopted by a friend of the family.

Our Splendid New Serial, "Richard Chatterton, V.C.," Begins on Monday.

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD



"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

HEPSTEIN DEPARTS.

JEAN DELAVAL rose to her feet. Her eyes were large and very luminous, and there was a curious expression on her face, more of an indescribable repugnance than of fear. Lionel watched her narrowly as she stood there struggling with the emotions she could not control.

The announcement of the name had brought a sudden flash of recollection to his mind. Every Afrikaner from the Zambesi to the Orange River knew the Hepsteins, father and son, and when coming home from Africa Derek had told him that young Hepstein had made an offer of marriage to Jean Delaval. The fact, even if Lionel had not loved her, would have made the girl an object of pathetic curiosity to him. Loving her as he did, it stamped an ineffaceable impression on his memory.

It was all very clear now. This, then, was the unknown rival who had been entreated to help her? This the upstart to whom she was willing to sacrifice herself for the sake of her father?

Lionel, with his fearlessness of men in general and his contempt for this one specimen of the kind in particular, had no nervousness of the result of the interview. If anything, the knowledge that young Hepstein was the obstacle who stood in his way made it more easy for him to throw the shield of his protection over the woman who contemplated such a tragedy.

He could have wished, indeed, that Fate had not brought the man down, as it evidently had, by the same train as himself, to that there had been time before his arrival to come to some clear understanding with Jean.

As it was, Mrs. Matthews was still standing inquiringly on the mat near the door, fidgeting nervously with the handle.

Lionel looked over at Jean. "I quite understand," he said quietly. "What are you going to do? Are you going to see him?"

Jean tapped her fingers anxiously on the table at her side, and when at last she spoke it was to the landlady.

"Is there anyone in your front room?" she asked.

"No, miss."

"You would not mind Mr. Hepstein waiting there a few minutes?"

"Certainly, miss, if you like. But there's no fire there."

"I shan't keep him three minutes," said Jean.

Directly the door was closed she came over to Lionel and put both her hands in his. The depths of serious trouble in her honest eyes made him stoop and kiss him.

"You know why he has come?" she asked.

"I can guess."

"Dear, I can't go to him. Much as I hated him, I thought I could tell you came into my life again, and now, whatever happens, it is impossible."

"There's no question of any such thing. Why be afraid of him? It may be awkward, but the thing's quite simple."

"Oh, but Lionel, you don't know how hard it is. To bring a man from the other side of the world, and then to tell him bluntly I have changed my mind! How can I?"

"Yes, I know."

"Then there's father's trouble. Oh, Lionel, dear, if I only had your strength!"

"Your father's trouble needn't enter into it; I was going to tell you that when we were interrupted. He shan't suffer."

"But how can I let you make that sacrifice? The money you have got to start you in business—you and Mr. Trench. What sort of girl would you think me to accept it?"

"It won't be necessary, Jean. Won't you believe me? Such a lot has happened since I told you that. There's no time to go into it now, but you can trust me!"

Jean uttered a deep sigh. "Yes," she said. "I must do it; I must tell him. You'll wait here for me, won't you, dear?"

"Wait here? I am going to see him with you."

ARE YOU NERVOUS?

If you are nervous, sensitive, irritable, suffer from involuntary blushing, nervous indigestion, constipation, lack of self-confidence, energy, will power, or mind concentration, I can tell you how to quickly acquire strong nerves and mind concentration which will give you absolute self-confidence. Fanny Brown says: "Derive satisfactory benefit, don't feel nervous any more." Mr. Morrison: "Heartfelt thanks for the benefit received." Mr. Baby: "Have tried several people before you, but you are the only successful one." Pte. M. L. Salt: "I am a happier and better man to-day after taking your treatment for 12 days." Mrs. Evans: "A most charming and delightful treatment." Send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of my guaranteed cure in 12 days. Godfrey Elliott-Smith, 45, The Tantalus Buildings, Ludgate-circus, London, E.C.4. (Adv.)

"Oh, no."

"I am, indeed. I know that brute, and I'm not going to leave you exposed to his coarse insults."

The girl turned a grateful glance on him. She knew in her heart that the high courage on which she had always prided herself had failed her in her extreme need, and she was leaning more than she knew on the splendid strength of her lover. She rang the bell and told Mrs. Matthews to show Mr. Hepstein in.

The young wool merchant shambled in with an awkward swagger. He was obviously ill at ease and his nervousness was clearly increased at the unexpected sight of another man in the room. He made a clumsy bow to the girl and held out his hand.

"I expected you yesterday, Mr. Hepstein," said Jean. "This is a friend of mine, Mr. Lionel Craven."

Hepstein made another clumsy bow in Lionel's direction and asked him how he was. He spoke with a strong local accent. His face, strongly marked in its features, was weakened and ruined by a pair of small, furtive eyes which had succeeded in losing a gleam of suspicion.

"I believe we have met before," said Lionel. "Have we?" replied Hepstein. "I do not remember."

He turned to Jean. "I have come to see you," he said. "You have some place where we can talk, yes?"

"We can talk here, Mr. Hepstein," Jean replied. She spoke very quietly, but in a voice which showed the Boer's was useless to object, for at the same time it angered him.

"You speak," he said sulkily, "as if I had asked to come. You sent for me, and I came. You ask me for money and I bring it. It is here."

He drew a bulky leather case from his pocket, and removing the rubber band which encircled it extracted a thick bundle of Bank of England notes. Jean bit her lip with shame and vexation.

"Richard Chatterton, V.C." our great new powerful and romantic serial, begins on Monday. It is written by Miss Ruby M. Ayres, and is a wonderful story of absorbing interest.

In any circumstances the present interview was bound to be painful and humiliating, but the coarse, tactless way in which the man spread the notes out on the table before him seemed the hideous climax of all her anticipations.

She did not look at Lionel, but from the corner of her eye she could see his great fist clenching until the white showed on the knuckles.

"I am sorry, Mr. Hepstein," she said faintly, "but I can't accept the money now."

The wool merchant paused in the very act of counting over the notes and looked up with amazement. "You can't accept the money? Why?"

"I am sorry, truly sorry, you have come all this way," she said, and her voice gathered strength as she spoke. "It was good of you and I appreciate it, but I didn't expect you to take so much trouble."

"But you ask me to come. You send me a cable."

"No, Mr. Hepstein, I did not ask you to come. I was careful to word my message conditionally. I said, 'If I do as you wish.'"

"Very good! That is so, and I agree. I cable you to say I agree and that I am on my way."

"You gave me no chance to stop you, Mr. Hepstein. I am truly sorry that this should have happened—more sorry than I can express. I wanted to know, if certain things happened, whether I could rely on you."

There was silence for a space. The Boer's furtive little eyes watched her face and wandered for a second over in the direction of Lionel, but they fell abashed.

"I think I understand," he said harshly. "Someone has been telling you stories, yes?"

"Stories? What stories?"

"Stories of me. It is so, is it not?"

Jean shook her head. "I don't know what you mean," she said. "I only know I am sorry you should have taken my telegram so definitely, and with all my heart I apologise."

Hepstein looked at her with bewilderment on his stupid face. "Then you don't want the money?" he said.

Jean shook her head, and with a nod which seemed almost of satisfaction, the young Dutchman folded up his notes and put them back in his case.

"Very good," he said; "as you will. You don't want me more? I am now?"

They knew what had happened, with two clumsy bows, he had gone from the room, and a moment later they heard the front door shut after him.

For a full half-minute Jean and Lionel looked at each other in silence. To the girl it was like the sudden awakening from a horrible nightmare.

"What can it mean?" she whispered tensely, but Lionel, throwing back his head with the heartiest laugh he had enjoyed for a long time, lifted her up in his great arms and kissed her.

They talked on and on till the dusk began to fall, Jean listening in pained wonderment to the story Lionel had to tell of his brother's duplicity. Then he looked at his watch.

"I must go now," he said.

The girl nestled more closely to him, holding tightly to his arm as if she could not bear to

part, and she lifted her lips to be kissed. Great tears were welling up in her brown eyes.

"You will come back to me soon?" she pleaded. "I can't live without you now."

LIONEL AND ASHLEY.

LIONEL gathered some light on the inexplicable interview he had just witnessed when he returned to town that same evening and called on Derek Trench.

His friend greeted him with that merry twinkle of the eye which usually heralded good news.

"Been dying to see you, old chap," he said cheerfully. "Who on earth do you think I dined with last night?"

Lionel shook his head. "How can I tell?" he replied.

"Diet Hepstein, from Durban!" said Derek with a chuckle. "Your hated rival?"

"Why, I have seen him myself this morning," said Lionel. "I was down at Folkestone with Jean when he was shown in, and I was present at the interview."

"Oh, great news!" exclaimed Derek. "This beats all the French comedies that were ever staged. What happened?"

"Let's hear your story first," said Lionel.

"Well, I ran into him in Piccadilly-circus, and he was looking for all the world as if somebody had swindled him out of a bale of wool. If ever there was misery depicted on a man's countenance it was on his. He almost wept my shoulder."

"What was the matter with him?"

"Well, I took him out to dinner, and after the second bottle he began to get confidential. It seems he had come all the way from Africa to marry Miss Delaval."

"We know that."

"Then he confessed to me that he had got tangled up with a lady on board coming home. Oh, those sea voyages! They show the course of the world's history. The lady, as far as I could make out, is of Continental extraction—French lady-born in Hamburg or something of that sort—wrote the stage as her profession and a fortune in her face."

"You mean he fell in love with her?"

"Worse than that. He promised to marry her, and he was in the biggest fright of his life because he had to go down to Folkestone and explain things away to Miss Delaval."

Lionel burst out into a laugh. "That ex-

plains it all," he said, and he related the details of the interview at Folkestone.

"By the-by," said Derek more soberly, "do you know your brother is back?"

"No."

"Yes, he is. I called there last night about that cheque, you know, and he was there."

"And did you see him?"

"No. There's tragedy in that house, Lionel. If ever you doubted there's such a thing as retribution in the world, you can believe it now. The boy is dead."

"What—young Eric?"

"Yes. I had it all from their old butler. He died at his school from typhoid. Ashley Creswick is all broken up. He sits and broods and won't eat or speak to anyone."

"And Fay?"

"I'm afraid she's lost her reason."

Lionel was silent for a moment. "I'll go and see him," he said.

Derek looked up anxiously. "Is it the time?"

"Yes," said Lionel. "It is the time, and Derek, looking at the softened expression of his face, understood."

Half an hour later Parkes, the butler, showed him into the library. He did not see Ashley at

Look out for our splendid new serial, "Richard Chatterton, V.C.," by Miss Ruby M. Ayres, which begins on Monday. On no account miss the opening chapters.

first, for the room was half in shadow, but presently he made out the hunched-up form of his brother cowering over the fire.

He paused in silence and a wave of pity swept over him. He went over to the chair and laid his hand gently on his brother's shoulder.

"Is it so bad?" he said.

Ashley looked up with a start and drew himself away with a gesture of unnameable horror.

"You!" he said. "Have you come to taunt me now, at all times in the world?"

"Taunt you?" said Lionel. "No."

"Then you don't know," said Ashley, "or, if you did, you would be glad."

"I know everything," said Lionel quietly.

"About the legacy?"

Lionel nodded gravely. "Yes, about the legacy," he repeated.

"I have the money," said Ashley. "I was going to tell you in any case."

"That can wait," Lionel said. "I haven't come to talk about that. How is she?" and he pointed to the room above.

Ashley tried to speak, but the reply refused to come. He buried his face in his hands and wept like a child. Then he lifted his head again. "I have a lot to tell you," he said.

"**This story will be concluded on our Monday, when the opening chapters of our new serial, "Richard Chatterton, V.C.," will appear. You should not miss reading them.

SOUP

YOU CAN LESSEN YOUR MEAT BILL

—enhance the appetising nature of your meal and obtain a maximum amount of nourishment if you will let Soup be the first, and if you wish, your only course.

Food prices nowadays demand economy. Here is a course that will immediately become a matter of preference, for the Soup Habit is the acme of good living, providing the highest form of nourishment in the simplest and most easily assimilated form.

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares

represent in an economical, concentrated form for immediate use all the goodness of the old-fashioned stockpot. Each 2d. square makes 1½ pints of delicious soup—appetising enough for a single course—nourishing enough for a whole meal. As a hasty addition to an otherwise cold supper these squares are invaluable. Just a square and boiling water—that's all.

Try a Week's Supply for 1/-

A different kind for each day in the week.

Ox Tail. Tomato. Mock Turtle.
Lentil. Green Pea. Mulligatawny.

Enough for four persons at each meal. Each variety retains its natural character without artificial flavouring. Ask your Grocer for them, or they will be sent POST FREE if you send a 1/- Postal Order to

FOSTER CLARK, Ltd., (Dept. 10),
MAIDSTONE.



FOSTER CLARK'S
SOUP SQUARES

DUNVILLE'S V R WHISKY



Insist on seeing "BOTTLED BY DUNVILLE & CO., LTD., on the Capsule and Back Label.

None other Guaranteed Genuine. Do not be misled by Colourable Imitations of the Label.

May be obtained from all Wine and Spirit Merchants, or write direct for name of nearest retailer to

DUNVILLE & CO., Ltd.,
Belfast or London.

"A GOOD PULL—A STRONG PULL."



Two pals have to help "Jack" to disconnect himself from his sea boots. The wearer meanwhile holds grimly on to a ventilator.

NEWS ITEMS.

Lecturer on Babies.

The Birmingham University has decided to establish a lectureship in infant hygiene and diseases peculiar to children.

Scholars Who Have Enlisted.

Thirty London County Council senior county scholars who have thrown up their scholarships and enlisted will be able to resume their scholarships after the war.

Accepted if They Will See Dentist.

The War Office, it was stated yesterday, has decided to allow men otherwise fit, but with defective teeth, to be attested if they are willing to undergo dental treatment.

Empire's Meat Larder.

There are more than 90,000,000 sheep and 12,000,000 cattle in Australia, which, it is stated, could itself undertake to furnish all the meat needed by the British armies for the next year or two.

Dacia Taking No Risks.

The Dacia is reported, says Reuter, to have changed her course and to be making for the north of Scotland, to avoid the mine field, instead of proceeding to Rotterdam via the Channel.

General Garibaldi Busy in Rome.

General Garibaldi, says the Central News, has interviewed a number of important politicians in Rome, including the Italian War Minister, and Signor Salandra, the Premier, will receive him very shortly.

Mystery of Two Soldiers' Deaths.

Two dispatch riders, Privates White and Thomas, of the 12th Northumberland Fusiliers, who had set out together on a motor-cycle, were found injured near Aylesbury and died early yesterday, the cause of their injuries being, however, unknown.

Gave Lie Direct to Kaiser.

The reason why the Germans forbade the publication of the Bishop of Namur's pastoral letter, says a Reuter Rome message, was that in the letter he gave the lie direct to the Kaiser who had accused Belgian priests of committing atrocities on German wounded.

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

Sandown Park provided another capital afternoon's sport yesterday, the chief prize being the Waterloo Hurdle, which fell to Toller. Mr. Bell's horse has now won four consecutive victories, and as Castleton was among his victims yesterday he must be regarded as one of the best hunters in training.

Coverdale, a stable companion to By George! gained a capital victory over Screamer and Tremolite in the Malden Hurdle, and on the whole it was not a good day for favourites. For the concluding stage of the meeting selections are as follow—

1.45.—South-Western Hurdle—MACMERRY.

2.15.—Winchfield Chase—ABAKUR.

2.45.—Eves Hurdle—CIGAR.

3.15.—Granby Chase—ALFRED NOBLE.

3.45.—Military Chase—SPEEDY FOX.

4.15.—Lawn Hurdle—FLURRY.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*CIGAR and SPEEDY FOX.

BOUVIERIE.

SANDOWN RACING RETURNS.

1.45.—Coombe Springs Hurdle. 2m.—Duke of Lancaster (10-1, Arilla), 1; St. Brane (4-1), 2; St. Alphons (6-1), 3. 13 ran.
2.15.—Sutton Chase. 2m.—King's Cure (5-2, P. Morgan), 1; Bruton (4-2), 2; St. Justian (5-1), 3. 4 ran.
2.45.—Waterloo Hurdle. 2m.—Toller (5-2, Pigott), 1; Drumlanrig (4-1), 2; Gresham (2-1), 3. 9 ran.
3.15.—Byfield Chase. 3m.—Og's Pride (4-4, Mr. Brazzoni), 1; Thowl Pin (11-10), 2; Matchbox V. (10-1), 3. 5 ran.
3.45.—Sandown Hurdle. 2m.—Coverdale (5-1, Hawkins), 1; Screamer (100-30), 2; Tremolite (6-4), 3. 17 ran.
4.15.—D'Abernon Chase. 2m.—Vermouth (11-4, Reardon), 1; Captain Dreyfus (7-2), 2; Perimac (4-1), 3. 12 ran.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP—100 to 9 Polystrate (t. o.), 100 to 8 Outland (s. o.), 100 to 7 Lord Anandale and Early Hope (t. o.), 100 to 6 Irish Chief and Gun bearer (t. o.), 20 Fritlands (t. o.).
GRAND NATIONAL—100 to 12 Irish Mail (t. o.), 100 to 7 Father Confessor (s. after 100-6).

Freddie Welsh outboxed Charlie White in a ten rounds contest at Milwaukee on Thursday, states a Reuter telegram.

At the Ring to-night Johnny Holland, the Canadian light-heavy-weight, will oppose Harry Reeve (Plastow) in a twenty rounds contest.

The Royal Naval Division are to be given an opportunity of showing their prowess at cross-country racing to-day, when a team race promoted by the Southern Counties Cross-Country Association will be decided at Elmers End, Kent. A big military race will take place at Colchester, in which over 300 men will take part.

In this wet weather our soldiers at the Front find Cherry Yellow Dub in a real boon. It waterproofs the boots, and rubbed on the flesh, prevents soreness. Made by the makers of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.—(Adv.)

CROSS, FEVERISH, BILIOUS CHILDREN NEED "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Look, Mother! See if the tongue is coated; this denotes sluggish liver and bowels.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels need attention at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, "stuffy" with cold, throat sore, when the child has tainted breath and doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache or diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the waste-matter, sour bile and fermenting food clogged in the bowels pass out of the system, and you have a healthy and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Counterfeits are being sold here. Refuse substitutes. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," Is. 1½d. and Is. 9d. per bottle.

A THREE-FOLD BEAUTY GIFT

A DAINTY SAMPLE OF THE NEW 'ASTINE' VANISHING CREAM, TOGETHER WITH SIX WONDERFUL LESSONS IN BEAUTY DRILL FREE.

Mr. Edwards, the inventor of Harlene Hair Drill, has discovered a positively amazing new Vanishing Cream, which, according to all accounts, is the most wonderful achievement in the history of scientific beauty culture.

The new vanishing cream "Astine," as it is called, brings instant and lasting loveliness to the complexion and prevents and overcomes a host of skin troubles. If you suffer from over dry or over moist skin, blackheads, wrinkles, lines, or any other skin blemish, you are invited to prove this to your own satisfaction free of cost, and not only this, but Mr. Edwards will also send without charge a specially drawn up series of splendid lessons in Beauty Drill, and full particulars of an amazing £10,000 distribution of magnificent Toilet Dressing Cases free to users of "Harlene" and "Astine" preparations.

FOR YOUR GREATER BEAUTY.

The new "Astine" Vanishing Cream is really wonderful in its effect. Whilst the complexion takes on a delightful new beauty and softness there is not the slightest trace whatever of any preparation at all has been applied. The Cream is completely absorbed by the skin, and it is this wonderful penetrating power that makes "Astine" Vanishing Cream impart to the complexion such refined beauty, clearness and brilliancy. It is also the finest possible protection against the ill-effects of wind and rain, and no woman who values her complexion should be without it. To test its really splendid qualities you have only to send the coupon below, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, for a dainty sample of "Astine" Vanishing Cream, and the specially mapped-out Beauty "Course," and full details of how you may obtain a magnificent Toilet Beauty Casket, will also be sent you free. "Astine" Vanishing Cream is supplied by all chemists at 1s. and 2s. 6d., or direct post free on remittance from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-25, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C. Post this coupon to-day:-

For Your Free Supply of "Astine" Cream.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,

20-25, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a free supply of the new Astine Vanishing Cream, together with the six beauty lessons and particulars of how I may secure a Beauty Casket free. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

Daily Mirror, 27/2/15.

LUNTIN MIXTURE



A Blend of the Finest Tobaccos.

6d. per ounce: 2/- Quarter Pound Tins.

LUNTIN

MEDIUM CIGARETTES

10 for 3d. 100 for 2/6

OBTAINABLE AT ALL TOBACCONISTS.

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

MONDAY'S DAILY MIRROR WILL BE A GRAND DRESS NUMBER

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

24 pages, one halfpenny.

24 pages, one halfpenny.

"LITTLE MISS JUNE."

P. 16564



She is charming everyone with her dancing at the Palace Theatre. She is only thirteen and was the youngest pupil of Mme. Pavlova. (Claude Harris.)

RUSSIA USING DROMEDARIES.

g. 425



Russia has to contend with extraordinary difficulties in the matter of transport. Dromedaries, however, have proved most useful in the snow-covered war area.

A GREAT GUN AT THE MOMENT OF FIRING.

g. 251



One of Austria's great guns at the moment of firing. It will be noticed that the gunner in the picture has muffled his ears to deaden the shock of the sound. Note the white chalk marks on the gun-wheel to show exactly where the gun is to be replaced after the recoil.

WHAT DO THEY WEIGH?

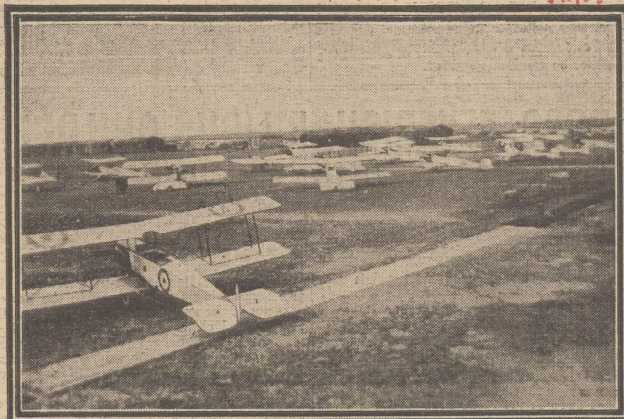
g. 34 F



This boy bugler weighs exactly one-twelfth of the big shells. He is on board a warship.

GREATEST AIR ATTACK IN HISTORY.

g. 4903 H



Part of the British air squadron of forty machines which bombarded the German positions in Belgium, before starting off on their daring enterprise. It was the greatest air raid in history.

YOUTHFUL D.C.M.

P. 17016



Private F. E. Amery, who has won the Distinguished Conduct Medal. He was a London telegraph boy.

DO NOT FORGET TO ORDER MONDAY'S SPLENDID DRESS NUMBER OF "THE DAILY MIRROR" TO-DAY.